

Rebel Just For Kicks by CheetosAreOrange234

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Summary: There are safety in numbers - By going out solo, you never know what you're going to get. This story is based on the after events of on the least popular episode in Stranger Things Season 2: Episode 7. ****Contains Spoilers**** (Axel, Mick, Funshine, Dottie, and Kali)

Rebel Just For Kicks

This story is based on the after events of on the least popular episode in Stranger Things Season 2: Episode 7.

I personally did not mind it, granted, it had an "out of place" feel to it, but the episode wasn't bad in my opinion. Moving on, Axel (The mohawk guy that only got 10 minutes of screen time) stood out to me the most. I'm the type of person who takes an odd fascination to those unpopular background characters. I love him and I hope he is back in season 3.

I'm not sure which direction I am going to take next. This story will either be a series of one-shots about Axel and the gang or it will continue on about Axel as the main character. It may or may not be in this weird POV writing style. Anyway, enjoy! Any feedback is greatly appreciated!

Chapter 1

Your icy eyes stare at the blonde woman with three kids hanging on her side as they waited in line for an ice cream cone. Her attention was on her kids trying to control them and refrain them from running around. She was busy. She was too busy to notice you watching her from across the street. In fact, you are practically invisible where you are standing. Most people refuse to look down dark, garbage littered alley ways as they bustle by. They decided to ignore it the best they could – Out of sight, out of mind.

If you were to step out into the open, you would be far from invisible.

A *freak* is what most people that you encounter call you. You also got bum, gutter rat, delinquent, criminal and gangbanger on a daily basis. Your brightly dyed Mohawk and fraudulent smirk plastered across your face is impossible to miss. The way you dress isn't exactly as different as what the rest of society wears. You think you sense of style is awe-inspiring, but also intimidating. The unsuspecting people you mug seems to think so too.

This was one of the few times where you are actually alone. Solo.

Lately you haven't had the chance to go out on your own. There are too many people after you. Your face is known by too many cops and Kali wasn't there to hide it for you. But this morning, you decided to risk it. No one had given you any trouble so far. You aren't really looking to cause any trouble right now, especially with everything that had happened. You were nearly caught a few days ago. You and your friends had to relocate for the time being. Instead of *home*, the place you had lived for years, you are staying with your friends in some squatter location under a bridge. It wasn't the worse place you've ended up, but you do miss your room with all your music, graffiti cans, and your rugged old couch. You at least wanted to go back for your cassette player.

You sigh softly before taking a long drawl of your cigarette. You had forgotten you lit one. You don't usually smoke these kinds of sticks, but the currently events led you to it. It's not much, but the heat warms you. It's a cold morning. You can see your breath whisking away in front of you as you breathe. You aren't sure why the hell the woman you are watching is buying ice cream for her kids on this cold morning, but you figure it must be a bribery for something. You didn't really care. You had thought about following her, swinging up behind her, grabbing her purse and running like you have done with countless other busy mothers before. But right now you would follow orders and stay low. It was probably smart to do so.

You didn't exactly tell anybody where you were going. You are sure that everyone was awake by now and wondering where you've gone. Although, You haven't been gone long, you hadn't realized you were going out until it happened.

You pull up your cigarette again to take another drawl, but end up burning your finger. You hiss in discomfort, drop the cancer stick to the concrete and kill it with your boot. You're usually in a better mood than this, however, lately... The leader of your little gang of misfits isn't all that right in the head. Her mood reflected on her followers. She was hurting, but tried playing it cool. Things had been just fine before the long lost sister showed up, curly haired Shirley. The sister had abandoned their leader. She had been quiet the first few days, but now her usual bitterness had doubled. It was affecting you as much as the others.

You went solo that morning because you needed to get away. You don't often think about things this thoroughly. It just depresses you. You know that. Despite thinking about things, you know it wasn't very smart of you to go off on your own at a time like this. Life was just like those shit national geographic shows – there were safety in numbers. You learned that the hard way before you found yourself in with the fellow freaks of Chicago. Yet, here you were. Stupidly not listening to your instincts and the lessons you've learned in the past.

You sigh heavily and look out onto the streets again. But suddenly, you notice that you were noticed. A well-dressed woman has noticed you stalking against the edge of the brick wall, leaning against it. She is motioning to your direction to a sharp dressed man. You decide it's time to book it when he turns in your direction. You really don't want to cause a scene right now, at least not in broad daylight. You turn on your heels and sprint the opposite way of the two. It's time to head back to where you belong. You actually are a gutter rat - you belong with those fellow freaks that are currently living under a bypass bridge.

At this point, you wouldn't have it any other way. You are Axel. A kick ass street rat with a jaw-dropping Mohawk living under a bridge. That was fine by you.